

How Things Change

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"Dawson, I'm in love with Joey." Pacey Witter stood in the doorway of the Leery house, a grim expression on his face. "You're joking, right?" "No, man, I'm not. You're not her boyfriend any more, so why do you have that woe-is-me look on your face."

Dawson motioned for Pacey to come inside. Witter looked around, hoping that Joey was not on her way across the creek. He did not want his love to be witness to what was sure to be a huge confrontation.

"You love Joey." the blonde stated, simply.

"Yes, very much. You treated her like shit, man. Dawson, believe it or not, you are not the only person in this world who has problems." "I know. " "You helped send her father to jail. That's her father. You might bitch all of the time about your parents, but at least they're here in Cape side." Pacey growled, leaning against the closed door. "Pacey, I love Joey too. Can't you see that? We're soul mates." Pacey knew the history. Joey and Dawson had a star-crossed romance that had gone on throughout most of their lives. But the way that she had kissed him the night before...soft and sweet.... he knew that Dawson was a thing of the past. Now that he could see for himself how much his best friend cared about Joey, a twinge of guilt began to sink in. "So, what do we do now, Leery. I'm the one she kissed last night. And I'm not going to give this up. Not even for you." "And you call yourself my best friend." Dawson said, inching closer to his father's liquor cabinet. "Take a drink. Show everyone what a man you really are." Dawson slowly opened a bottle of brandy. Pacey watched with disgust as his best friend took a long sip of the liquor. Things had changed so much between the two; now, their friendship was nonexistent. Pacey was trying to become a responsible young man, and Dawson was becoming a reckless alcoholic. Somehow, their

personalities had changed, and he had no idea how. "I'm out of here, Dawson. You and Miss Brandy have a nice time." Pacey dryly retorted. Dawson ignored him. Pacey stepped out onto the front porch. He let out a long sigh, as he thought about the past three years. So much had changed, some for the good, some for the bad. Now he had Joey in his life, and he was finally realizing what true love was all about.

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